
Title: Ouroboros: a study

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History is littered with
remnants of tales about
a Lord of Time, a sort
of watch repair man to
the clock that is called
creation. Elements of the
void gathered together
under some great design
and our world was
created perfect before
the shattering.

This Lord of Time was
supposed to carry the
threads of time in his
hands, and wear a cowl
of the purest white.

I, like most disregarded
these tales as myth and
magical thinking.

Then I met this being, he
joined me at my own
table at tea time. Sat
right across from me
without opening the door
or moving the curtain.

When he spoke the voice
wrapped around my ears
and chilled my spine. This
was not supposed to be a
man that cared about
anything other than
balance. But, he cared. I
could tell that somewhere
inside him was a man
that deeply cared for
Britannia and Sosaria as
a whole. Some piece of
him may have been human
at one point, I wondered
where such vast power
had come from.

He asked questions, things
he already knew the

answers to. I think the
questioning was for my
benefit, less for his.

He asked about my
father, about my mother.
About my plans for
family and my position
within society. He then
slid a ring across the
table and told me that
there would be others
that bear the same
symbol upon their ring.
That we should gather
and trust each other.
He spoke of great
change, great chaos and
terrible war. He said that
these families these
special families would be
the fulcrum on the scales
that would edge the world
into doom or glory.
He said that should I
have a child, the ring
should go to the first,
never the second.

When I asked, should I
have no children. He told
me that the ring would
find a new owner and
that like the seed to a
great tree, this ring
would originate with me,
and 23 others.

Then he was gone, I
thought I had dreamt the
whole thing, yet there lay
the ring and his chair
was cold, so very cold.
Like it had been left in
the snow over night.

I dare not wear it, not
without more information.
I am not one brave
enough to meddle in the
affairs of the infinite.

The Ouroboros or
Uroborus is an ancient
symbol depicting a serpent
or dragon eating its own
tail.

The Ouroboros often represents self-reflexivity or cyclicity, especially in the sense of something constantly re-creating itself, the eternal return, and other things perceived as cycles that begin anew as soon as they end (compare with phoenix). It can also represent the idea of primordial unity related to something existing in or persisting from the beginning with such force or qualities it cannot be extinguished.

The Ouroboros has been important in religious and mythological symbolism, but has also been frequently used in alchemical illustrations, where it symbolizes the circular nature of the alchemist's opus.

The great wizard
smudged writes
of it as a representation
of the pre-ego "dawn
state", depicting the
undifferentiated infancy
experience of both
mankind and the individual
child.

In some circles, this
serpent symbolized
eternity and the soul of
the world.

I do wonder who these
others are, what will
become of us, and will we
be able to stand in the
midst of this great
wave this great being
called 'a time of great
change'.